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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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The Undying Story

In his Fourth of July message to the American people Marshal Foch retells the old story of how the Americans brought help to the noble cause of liberty throughout the world when the cause was sorely in danger.

We may say, though the Marshal is kind enough to refrain from so saying, that we came late. But he is generous enough to bear full testimony that we came not too late, and that we came mightily and did that which befitted a great people. The eloquence of the figures he gives and his simple narration of the events constitute a eulogy calculated to warm every American heart, and the description loses neither in power nor sweetness because of the hand that holds the pen.

Into the profitless question of, when all did so much, who is most entitled to wear the laurel, the Marshal does not enter. It is enough for him that the weight thrown into the scales finally tipped it toward victory. He is not concerned as to whether the first fifteen ounces or the last ounce was the more essential to make up the pound. All became merged in a sufficing whole.

To select our national anniversary as an occasion for the transmission of this testimony was a happy thought. Those who installed the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall with unconscious prophecy ordered that its brazen lips should bear words saying it proclaimed liberty throughout the world. The men of early Philadelphia did not think that the mission of America was limited to mere care of her own. They believed in a universal doctrine, and it was not aloofness. When our boys took ship to go across the sea they were not pioneers of a new policy. They were applying an ancient one, even one that the clangor of July 4, 1776, joyfully announced.

And not only is the day appropriate for the transmission of the present message, but equal satisfaction is derivable from its national source. It was France that brought the pivotal final ounce when America, as trustee of all men, was defending her first great cause. A French fleet held one gate to Yorktown while Washington beat through another. So we but requited France when in aiding all we specially aided her.

Much is written about the foundations of future world peace. After all and under all, the best hope is in engendering such feelings as unite France and the United States, and few things are more helpful to this end than common celebration of great events.

A Helpful Experiment

A new school of international affairs will open at Williamstown, Mass., on July 28, under the auspices of the Institute of Politics. The object is to promote the study of international problems in all their phases—historical, political, legal, commercial and economic.

It is the method, however, which is particularly interesting. Through the effort of the Institute of Politics it has been possible to assemble in Williamstown many of the most distinguished statesmen and scholars of the day. Foremost among them is Lord Bryce, who will lecture on "The International Relations of the Old World States," Signor Tommaso Tittoni, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs of Italy and Italian representative at the Peace Conference, will lecture on Italian foreign policies. Count Paul Teleki, recently Prime Minister of Hungary, will discuss Hungarian relations, and it is understood that Dr. Joseph Redlich, a distinguished professor of international law, who was formerly Secretary of the Treasury of Austria, will lecture on the problems of the Austrian Republic. The late Dr. Drago, of the Argentine Republic, author of the Drago Doctrine, had promised to attend, and was to have spoken on Pan-American relations.

Among the Americans who will take part are John W. Davis, Frank W. Polk, Bernard M. Baruch, Thomas W. Lamont, former Under Secretary Norman H. Davis, L. S. Rowe, of the Pan-American Union; Professor A. C. Coolidge, formerly chief of the American Mission to Austria; Professors Haskins and Lord, of Harvard University, and Major Lawrence Martin, at present with the State Department.

Membership in the institute is open to men and women connected with the faculties of colleges and universities, to members of the learned professions, to authors, publicists and editors; to persons engaged in the direction of foreign commerce and to those to whom, by reason of special training and experience in the fields of international law and politics, invitations are extended.

To the trustees of Williams College, who first projected this Institute of Politics in 1913, great credit is due. Such a gathering is a step toward a broader understanding of world problems.

The Closed Vacation Schools

The vacation schools, which open on Wednesday, will show the blight of Hylanism. The school authorities wished three high schools used, but the Tammany administration provided means for only one. So when that one is filled to its utmost capacity there will be a surplus of 2,500 pupils for whom there is no room. These either will have to go without schooling or pay $5 each for tuition at the private high school which Hunter College purposes to conduct.

The vacation school system is obviously one which should not be starved. It would not be well to make attendance compulsory. But the city ought to make it possible, without charge, to all who desire it, as great and increasing numbers do, to carry on their education. Many cannot enroll at all if summer schools are shut.

As for the children, a large proportion of them are far more comfortable and better off in all respects in the schoolhouses than on the streets or in crowded tenements during the heated term. The notion that they need a two months' cessation from study cannot, of course, be maintained. There is no reason why mental activity and growth should not, just as much as physical, be continuous throughout the year. Study is just as practicable in midsummer as in midwinter. In old times in New England, because of the rigors of the climate, schools were open all summer and closed during the winter.

Of the many sins of the Hylan administration nothing has been more cruelly heartless and reactionary than its school policy. Yet its chief would have the city believe he is the people's friend.

Dempsey and Carpentier

There was nothing dramatic in the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres because the result was inevitable when the gong clanged, and even centuries before that. Prizefighting is a primitive game, despite the efforts of the late Marquis of Queensberry to make it appear a science or a sport. Dempsey possesses the requisites for a heavyweight champion, the weight and the power, the reflexes and the instincts of the fighting animal. Carpentier possesses the dash, the grace and the gallantry of an ideal male human, but these are puny weapons.

There were 90,000 witnesses to the unequal struggle that produced just one thrill, the valiant effort of Carpentier in the second round. Overhead ten droning aeroplanes, the most advanced mechanical achievements of our civilization, circled while the two men struggled with the weapons that the first men used. Only the aeroplanes dispelled the illusion of rings of primitive tribes closing in as a primitive fight waged.

The American champion won, but that brought no outburst of Cohanism, for the triumph was lost in the radiance of the Gallic smile of Carpentier. He wore that smile as the bell clanged. It shone through the fight in his blood-smeared countenance. He wore it when the mists cleared from his brain and he rose to greet his conqueror.

The soul of France was in that smile. It was the smile of Cambronne at Waterloo, the smile of Papa Joffre at the First Battle of the Marne. Such a smile must have illumined the face of the unknown poilu killed at Verdun and sleeping now under the Arc de Triomphe. It spoke more eloquently than Henley's boast of hope in conflict and in defeat.

It baffled the primitive and simple-minded Jack Dempsey. The scowl of the champion turned to a look of utter bewilderment as the Frenchman he had battered down stretched out his hand and looked at him with that same inscrutable smile. Then and there Jack Dempsey felt himself in the presence of a superior being.

And Dempsey's instincts did not deceive him. Behind Carpentier through the mists loom the marching men of Wagram, the millions of poilus in horizon blue that imposed the first breastworks of human flesh against the rush of the Hun. Behind Dempsey, so pitifully limited as to imagination, we see only the traditions of the Queensberry Ring.

But as to the net result of the contest it was foreordained to all writers save George Bernard Shaw, who is now faced with the necessity of revising some of his theories on creative evolution. Perhaps he will tell us how to arrive at a being who will possess the beauty and the soul of Carpentier with the right and the left of Dempsey.

The Sheppard-Towner Bill

Ten million women, through their various organizations, are supporting the Sheppard-Towner bill in the belief that its protection to mothers and infants will save thousands of lives each year that are now lost through lack of proper care, due chiefly to ignorance. England, Wales, Sweden and New Zealand have made the instruction of mothers a public matter and are reducing the mortality of mothers and infants, whereas in the United States the rate is increasing. Among countries that have compiled statistics this country ranks seventeenth. No fewer than 25,000 mothers will lose their lives during 1921 from maternal causes, and at least half could be saved. And 125,000 babies will unnecessarily die within six weeks of birth.

Opposition to the bill has developed, it would seem, largely through misapprehension and misunderstanding of its provisions. The claim is that it would overcentralize power, that it would set up a medical autocracy and that it would establish compulsory interference in the relation of patient and physician. These claims appear to be unfounded in fact.

The bill provides for Federal aid to states that maintain services to promote maternal and infant care. To get Federal aid a state must appropriate an equal sum each year and must agree that not more than 25 per cent of the amount granted shall be used for lecture courses and that half the members of any advisory committee must be women. The operation of the act is to be lodged with the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, but the states are free to designate or create whatever bureaus or agencies they see fit to coöperate with the Children's Bureau. Coöperation rather than centralization is clearly aimed at in the bill. The states must initiate and are chiefly to conduct the work.

That a medical autocracy would arise is a fear that may be regarded as baseless. It has not occurred to any extent in the history of health departments, health centers and Red Cross work. Friction has arisen among schools of medicine, and opposition has come from the schools of healing without medicine, and many mistakes have been made, but the continuing decrease in mortality from diseases combated by preventive measures sufficiently attests the value of organized prevention.

But, of course, the underlying reason of the opposition is not fear of centralization or medical autocracy. We are instructed enough in matters related to the general interest to see the value of giving ordinary education to the oncoming generation. We recognize that this can best be done, and in large degree can only be done, by the community. But time was when almost every argument now used against schools for mothers was employed against schools for children. It was the duty of parents, it was said, to train their own offspring, just as now it is said to be the business of mothers to safeguard their own health and that of their infants. The doctrine is a narrow and cruel one and sooner or later will be overthrown by the spirit of intelligent progressiveness.

We Are Safe

The Publishers' Weekly, that pragmatic guardian of our letters, is optimistic about the near future of our literature, which includes what is known as "the fall trade." In August there will be a new novel by Harold Bell Wright, to be succeeded by a new book by Gene Stratton Porter. As if this were not enough, however, to insure our safety from that creeping mental paralysis toward which continuous attendance at the "movies" is now drawing us, a much more important announcement follows. Later, after Mr. Wright and Mrs. Porter have "gripped" us and "stirred us to our very depths," we are going to have a novel by Hall Caine, "his first novel to be published in eight years."

We have been wondering for some time what the matter was with Mr. Caine and why he has so shamefully neglected his obvious opportunities. Probably, however, with true literary courtesy, he was waiting for Mr. Chesterton and Mr. George and Mr. St. John Irvine to reap their American harvest. We may now know what to expect. The publication of Mr. Caine's novel will doubtless be succeeded by a screen picture, which for subtle delineation of character and dramatic ecstasy will have no equal outside of Rupert Hughes. Mr. Caine will then arrive on the spot and begin his great tour. Thus American literature, fairly safeguarded this autumn by Mr. Wright and Mrs. Porter, will be doubly insured by Mr. Caine, and the sacrilegious wit who once remarked that "Hall Caines look alike to me" will have to take a back seat.

Tilden Still Winning

In the torrent of gladiatorial matter one had to hunt for the trickle of good news from Wimbledon that William T. Tilden, of America, was the winner over B. I. C. Norton, of South Africa, in the challenge round of the British lawn tennis championship. Mr. Tilden was hard pressed to defend his title. Mr. Norton was twice within a point of taking the five-set match. It was the closest call the American ace has had since he began to gather his cluster of championships.

The tournament was notable for international variety. Mr. Shimidzu, of Japan, all but defeated the brilliant young Spaniard Manuel Alonso, who in turn barely failed to take the measure of the South African, who gave our compatriot such a fright. Thus four continents were represented by first-rate masters of the racquet. Lawn tennis may fairly be called a world-wide sport and Mr. Tilden is its premier. But it is good for the game that there are players both here and abroad who can push him to the limit.

And so Big Bill Haywood, the mighty man of the I. W. W., who ran away, is coming back. Big Bill jumped his bail, abandoned those he had cajoled and went to Russia, with its flaming sign of welcome to evil. And Big Bill was given the best seat at the head table. But he likes it not and is lonesome. He now says, "Better a prison cell in good old America than a cycle of Lenine and Trotzky." Sir Walter Scott was right, so was John Howard Payne, so was Edward Everett Hale. There is no place like home, and a man without a country is a spiritual derelict and unhappiness tracks him.

Teachers Not Losing Heart

Off for Vacation Buoyant and Happy After Nine Months' Grind

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The letter headed "Teachers Losing Heart" printed in this day's Tribune is very interesting.

The writer states that: "The lengthening of the school session, the increase in number of classes, the increase of the pupil load, additional supervision of large study halls and the making of a greater number of reports of all kinds, all combine to break down the health and the spirit of high school teachers."

In our school we have dozens of teachers—young, middle-aged, and others not as young as they used to be—who have lost no time, or only a day or so at long intervals, because of ill health. The work of many of these teachers is rated excellent by their superior officers, and is excellent. Yesterday they left the school buoyant and happy, because they were going off to the country, to seashore, lakes or mountains, or even to do some pleasant studying at a summer school.

These teachers have not lost their enthusiasm or their spirit, as "Scholastica" implies they have. For nine months they have fought in their pupils the human tendency to try to get big results with an insufficient expenditure of energy, but they are not fagged out. The teachers have not always won, they are not satisfied with the results, but they are quite certain that next fall they will be ready to try again.

Most teachers realize that they will die some time and they do not "shudder and ask," as does "Scholastica," "Who will be the next?" Neither are they wasting much thought on whether "we can possibly hold out until we are eligible for retirement."

"Scholastica" should reflect occasionally that she has more than two months every summer to recuperate, that she is doing her bit toward fitting the rising generation for useful living and that the recompense more than balances the disagreeable features. The schools are not perfect; the work is hard, but it has its rewards. M. C.

Brooklyn, July 1, 1921.

A Correction

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I state that your courteous representative unintentionally exaggerated my statements regarding prohibition as a crime cause in The Tribune on June 30?

I did not say that prohibition was largely responsible for present crime conditions.

I gave eleven causes which I regarded as leading factors in the present crime wave.

Answering a question, I added that a number of crimes were at present occurring in connection with the prohibition law—every one knows that a great deal of liquor has been stolen.

I do not consider prohibition at all a leading cause of present crimes. It is one factor—and, possibly, a temporary factor.

Please set me straight with your readers on this important point.

WILLIAM B. JOYCE,
President, National Surety Company.
New York, July 1, 1921.

For a Six-Hour Day

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: When there are so many unemployed why are not efforts made by employers and employees to reduce the hours of labor and thus afford others a chance to work? The hours of labor should be reduced all along the line to six hours a day until normal conditions are restored.

Our greatest philosopher, Ben Franklin, said that six hours should constitute a day's work.

GEORGE FENTRICK.
New York, July 1, 1921.

The Conning Tower

On Frustration

[The great writers, like the great orators, have been, in many instances, men doomed in some important respect to lead frustrated lives. The greatest love-poetry has not been written by men who have found easy happiness in love. Donne's poems are the poems of a frustrated lover. Keats's greatest poetry was the fruit of unfulfilled love.—The Freeman].

Beloved, if those words be true,
Let then the lines I write to you,
Fluffy and thin and soon forgotten,
Continue being pretty rotten.

Speaking, as we recently were, of advertising ideas we never were able to sell, years ago, fascinated by "Barking Dog Tobacco—It Never Bites," we offered slogans to other concerns, without success. Most of them we cannot recall, but there were

Just-Before-Dawn Shoe Polish—It's Darkest.

Burnt-Child Gasoline—It Dreads the Fire.

Time-and-Tide Elevators—They Wait for No Man.

Douglas Steaks—Tender and True.

The Impossible She

I don't object to "funny" jokes
In which there is no fun;
I've even chuckled at the most
Abominable pun;
But lead me, kindly light, away
From that misguided jane
Who, when it's pouring cats and dogs,
Says, "Gosh, it looks like rain."

L. U. S.

Whether the Elmira Telegram's sporting editor has read Moon Calf we have no notion, but his subhead on the Shaw cable is "More Than the Punch and the Weight of Muscle Will Enter Into Result, Says Author of 'Doll's House.'"

Gotham Gleanings

—Barney J. Flynn sold a bed last Tuesday.

—Jack Dempsey Saturdayed in Jersey City on business.

—Brock Pemberton and wife are home from foreign shores.

—Mrs. Montague Glass spent a few days in town last wk.

—Ted Robinson has had a novel accepted by the Macmillan Co.

—Herb Swope is entertaining a large and jolly crowd over the 4th.

—James Bush went to Jersey City early Sat. a. m., returning the same day.

—Capt. Platt, U. S. M., is in town on sick leave, he having had his leg broke in an automobile accident.

—Reinald Werrenrath who has been spending a few days in London with Mrs. F. P. Adams is back in Gotham.

—Mr. Alexander Woollcott is in Maine or some similar place and it looks like he has lost interest in his N. Y. friends. Well, he was a good fellow when he had it.

—Henry Sydnor Harrison of here is going to Asbury Park to-night to see "Queed." H. S. used to be a newspaper man in Richmond, Va.

Whether, at the wedding last week of Miss Helen Spooner and Dr. Arnold Rice, at Eden Park, R. I., they drank the milk of Paradise the Westerly Sun fails to add.

Hymns of Hate

A man I hate
Is Freddie Brent,
When he means about
He says "anent."

Another I hate
Is Richard Clive,
He says "five-and-twenty"
When he means twenty-five.

B2

However, for sheer individual brilliancy, J. Simpson Dean was in a class by himself yesterday. In the morning, playing plu-perfect golf, he went around in 1, tying the amateur record made by Jesse Sweetser, of Yale.—The Tribune.

The lad that beats that record deserves to get his name on the front page.

COUNSEL TO CONTRIBS

Making a gorgeous rhyme to flaunt
Upon the Tower's head,
I labored through the weary hours
Until the night was dead;
And then with loving pride I scanned
The verses that had seemed so grand.

I found a cliche from Tennyson
I had not recognized,
An image copped from de la Mare
(One poet I despised),
The rest? A phrase from William
Yeats,*
And three assists to credit Keats!

Ye strivers for the soaring peak,
And neophytes who pray
To land a jingling line or two
Somewhere about midway:
Mail nothing that is not twice read—
Then send a second thought instead!

JOHN NATTEFORD.

* And some bad rhymes like that.

"While playing tennis here Sunday"—and this, from the Yreka, Calif., Siskiyou News, shows what a rough game they play on the Coast—"Miss Edith Whipple was hit on the head with a rock."

Humidity Drops as Rain Falls.—Hartford Courant.

Well, smarty, how would you have headlined the story?

Did we or did we not—be fair—forecast the result of the fight?

F. P. A.

SHE ARING THE LITTLE LAMB THAT MARY LOVED SO WELL

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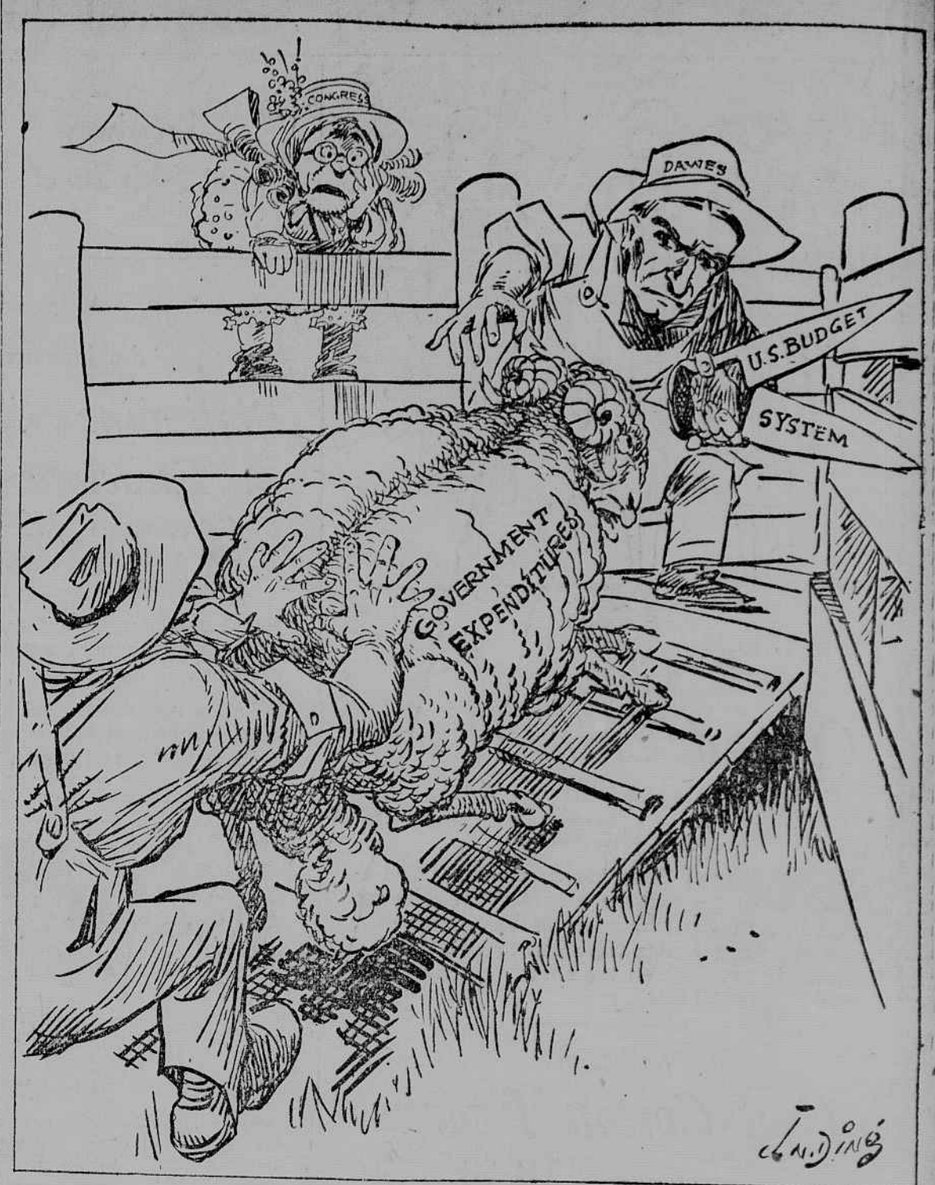

The Bolshevist School

Communist Teaching as Seen by a Sovietized Swiss Instructor

(Jules Laurent, in Le Figaro, Paris)

Some French public men one day went to Soviet Russia. They were received at Petrograd and Moscow, but the saw only what Lenine's agents wanted to let them see; in brief, very little. One can well imagine that the tools of the communistic despots did not lead them, for example, to the places where a number of our countrymen were being disgracefully ill-used. Then, on their return to France, these politicians declared that the Bolshevists had simply turned Russia into a paradise. They reported that the schools in particular had been well cared for and that very important and peculiarly happy reforms had been introduced into their organization, their methods and their curriculum.

Now among those last repatriated from Russia there figures a Swiss instructor, M. Hector Nicole, who until 1915 was teacher of French at the boys' gymnasium at Vilna, and then, from 1915 to 1920, at first at "imperial" and then as "Sovietized" professor at Veniof, a small town in the province of Tula. The notes made daily by M. Nicole, which he was able to save from the inquisitions of the Bolshevist police, have just been published in French Alsace by M. Benjamin Valloton. They constitute a very important document, from which we deem it our duty to give the principal passages:

"The Communists," says M. Nicole, "have struck a blow at the child, at the school. With one stroke they have swept into the oubliette all known pedagogical principles. The accumulated experiences, the most elementary truths of human psychology—what nonsense they all are to them! With a mystic fervor they proceed with à priori abstract formulas, to which truth must submit at any cost."

From four to eight years of age the children play, sing and draw in the rooms in which they are grouped together. From eight to thirteen years they are in a Soviet labor school, first grade. From thirteen to seventeen, Soviet labor school, second grade. "No more schools of commerce, lyceums, gymnasiums, which are so many crimes against holy equality. There is only a single type of school, formed of mixed classes. There are no more principals, but presidents; no professors, nor instructors, but academic workers." The decrees of 1918 proclaim the suppression of all discipline in the schools; no more marks, no more examinations, no more prescribed work. "You enter the classes as into a factory, hat on head, cigarette in mouth, without books, without writing paper. And one passes from one grade to the other according to his fancy, secure against reprimand."

The most complete application of these principles has been made in the Kamoinski district, in Moscow, where the Commissionership of Education is seated. "Comrades, Pozner and Polianski said to the pupils: 'You want to listen? Listen! You wish to sing? Sing! You like to dance? Dance!' The result was such disorder that in January, 1919, all the schools of the second grade in this district were closed by order of the Commissionership itself."

Academic workers are forbidden to have children and young people work. A teacher was one day strongly admonished by the local Soviet paper for having dared to give his pupils a task to perform at home. If you discuss anything with a student his ready answer is, "What's the use of studying? Only those who know nothing make a living, while the learned people, like our instructors, starve to death." Besides, how could one study when there is not a manual, not a book, not a map, not an instrument, in the class? Paper? It goes to the propagandist journals."

The Bolshevists have indeed transformed the school organization of Russia. But to those who might feel tempted to propagate their pedagogical doctrines in France we will answer by quoting these words, written by a Russian teacher to M. Nicole: "How can we sympathize with those Bolshevists who turn us back toward the primitive state of humanity, toward savagery?"

Civilian Clothes

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer)

Secretary Weeks's order permitting officers and enlisted men in the army to wear civilian clothes when off duty is certain to be popular with the army personnel. The uniform, though comfortable, is conspicuous, and subjects the wearer to a restraint unknown to those who have never donned the khaki.

Whether it is proper to single out a group in the community through an army uniform may be the subject of a reasonable difference of opinion. The privilege of wearing civilian clothes when off duty places the army in the same general class with other callings. The man who specializes in the art of preparing himself for the defence of his country is not to be distinguished in the street or on the car from the man who is engaged in trade or is practicing medicine or law. In that respect the War Department order appears to square with the ideals of democracy.

The question of the wisdom of the order will arise in connection with army morale and discipline. It has been the tradition in the army, at least in the American Army, that wearing the uniform placed a man in a select class. The high regard in which the service was held was one of the best guaranties the army had for preserving proper discipline among its personnel when off duty. But army life in times of peace may be different enough from that in time of war to warrant at least a trial of the civilian clothing privilege.

Several million men who were in the army during the war will attest the fact that the uniform was a force making for the excellent deportment that characterized the army in leave camps and in French and English cities in the rear. Many of them will wonder if more will not be lost than is gained by permitting army personnel at the present time to select their off-duty regalia.

It Can't Be Done

(From The Philadelphia Inquirer)

The cause of peace would not be promoted were a referendum made an essential preliminary to a declaration of war. If the question were pressing enough to call for a decision of this kind events would march more rapidly than ballots and the country might be in the midst of hostilities before it had decided what to do.

There are some things which voters must leave to their representatives if anything like efficient government is to be maintained. This is one of them.

Exception That Proves the Rule

(From The Wichita Beacon)

Any fad is silly—unless it's your own.

Philippine Bookkeeping

Law Designating Languages To Be Used Hits Chinese Merchants

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A recent law passed by the Philippine Legislature requiring all business firms to keep their books in English, Spanish or native dialects threatens Chinese commercial interests there. Fifteen thousand Chinese merchants, constituting 20 per cent of the commercial population of the islands, find it impossible to comply with the law. Being mostly small merchants, they cannot afford to hire a bookkeeper and also a translator at a monthly salary of 200 pesos each, costing all the merchants 6,000,000 pesos a month. Besides, there are neither sufficient bookkeepers nor translators for the strict enforcement of this law.

The act is not only impracticable but also unwise. The Chinese, having an investment of about $200,000,000, control 85 per cent of the retail trade in the islands. This law will force a great majority of them out of business. Their retirement will at once disturb business stability and cause general financial depression in the islands.

The law is unjust. Allowing bookkeeping in fifty-seven dialects and languages, it prohibits the use of the Chinese language. This discrimination is contrary to the spirit of the American Constitution and the sentiment of fair play and justice.

Furthermore, there is no need for such legislation. Though the Chinese keep their books in their own language, the Board of Internal Revenue employs expert translators to examine and verify the books. The Chinese pay 70 per cent of the internal revenue taxes. There has been no evidence of laxity or dishonesty on the part of translators or business men.

American business interests will also be affected by this law. Ninety per cent of the American goods imported into the Philippines are handled through the Chinese. No other body of merchants has been so helpful to the Americans there. American-Chinese coöperation in this case is beneficial to all concerned.

The repeal of the act will be satisfactory to three peoples. The Americans will naturally insist on equity, equality and justice. The Filipinos and the Chinese must maintain and foster their traditional friendship in order to improve trade relations between them. TA CHEN.

Washington, D. C., June 30, 1921.

A Physician's Last Hope

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It seems to me that there is but one hope that the anti-beer bill will not prove the "last straw" to break the back of the long-enduring prohibition-ridden people of this country.

This is that President Harding will veto this bill, as President Wilson did the original Volstead measure.

It hardly seems possible that the President of the United States will sign a bill legislating out of existence the liberty of the physicians of his country to prescribe alcohol except in the form dictated by Congress. This would be a degradation never before imposed upon the medical profession since the days of ancient Egypt.

Should this law be passed there will be no soporific to take the place of the malt beverages used extensively where the bromides, chloral and opium were never prescribed, because the malt liquors would better serve the purpose indicated. JOHN P. DAVIN, M. D., Executive Secretary, New York Medical Association.

New York, July 1, 1921.